

Neighborhood Notes.

TEXAS.

AN OLD SOUVENIR.

Dr. F. Harnesberger of Beckville, writes to the Dallas News as follows: "I noticed in yesterday's News an account of a 'relic of the campaign of 1860—a button worn by partisans of Douglas and Johnson.' and found by Mr. Hawley at Hutchins. I have a souvenir of the campaign of 1840, which takes us back sixty years, and to the hottest campaign ever waged in this country. The souvenir is apparently pure copper, and is nearly the size of a half dollar. On one side is a complete likeness of ex-President Harrison's grandfather, who was at the time a candidate for the presidency. Just above his picture is 'Major General W. H. Harrison,' and just beneath is 'Born Feb. 9, 1773.' On the other side is the log cabin that is historic and a pole running up from the top bearing the United States flag. To the left of the cabin stands a large magnolia tree, and under the tree is a well and a cup sitting on it. The logs and the openings to the house are as distinct as yesterday, and General Harrison looks grand in his uniform. Just above the house is 'The People's Choice,' just beneath, 'The Hero of Tippecanoe.'"

This souvenir was found under the ruins of an old house back in Georgia when I was a child and it has been in my possession ever since. It makes a unique watch charm and I have been wearing it as such for years, and the wearing makes it brighter and more beautiful. I have never found any one that ever saw but this one and I have often thought that I would write ex-President Harrison to know if he had one of them."

A PECULIAR ACCIDENT.

Lee Martin, a resident of Coke county, cut his throat accidentally while shaving himself. He almost completely severed his wind pipe. He fell heavily to the floor and his wife who was in another room came to his assistance. A physician was summoned, the wound was sewed up and he was taken to San Angelo for further treatment. Physicians say that the wound is not necessarily fatal. He was thrown from a horse a few years ago and received injuries from which he never fully recovered. The injuries cause him to have nervous and cramping spells and it is supposed that during one of these attacks he cut himself.

SHIPPED TO NEW YORK.

The remains of Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper and all round sporting man, who died from pulmonary trouble in San Antonio were shipped to New York for burial and were accompanied by his wife and daughter, Miss Inez Brodie, who have been with him during his illness.

The body was escorted to the International and Great Northern depot by a detail from the local lodge of Eagles of which he was a member. There was no funeral ceremony of any kind in this city.

Mrs. Brodie stated that her husband had \$10,000 insurance on his life.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

M. G. Winkler killed himself at the residence of his brother, R. D. Winkler, in Nacogdoches. He cut his throat in several places with a razor and then jumped into a well. He was drawn out of the well alive, but died in a few minutes. He was subject to mental depressions and had before been in the asylum at San Antonio. He was a single man about forty years of age, and belonged to one of the best pioneer families. His father was a San Jacinto veteran.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

A freak of nature was found by J. C. Yoakum, near Honey Grove, last week. It was half pig and half calf, the head and body being that of a calf, while the lower jaw, legs and feet were those of a hog. It was dead when found.

NEW MEXICO.

PRINTER MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Ed G. Seamands, a printer who was recently employed on the Raton Reporter, is missing and his wife would like to know where he is. He went to Trinidad, Colo., on business on the 20th ult. to work on a paper. He worked on the 21st and attended a show at the opera house that night. Since that time no trace of him can be found. His wife is sick and has been making every effort in her power to locate him but has so far been unsuccessful. She says her husband had about \$300 on his person when he went to Trinidad and she fears foul play. Such apprehension has almost prostrated her. Mr. Seamands was exemplary in his habits and the only explanation of his mysterious disappearance seems to be

DUTCH NEW YEAR

WAS CELEBRATED.

Appropriate Entertainment Held at Jarilla.

Special Correspondence of The Herald.

JARILLA, N. M., Feb. 4.—The beginning of the Dutch new year was celebrated Saturday night by F. S. Schermerhorn. The managers of the Jarilla Copper company, in a most elegant manner, by giving a banquet which would have been a credit to the Waldorf-Astoria.

The guests participating were Messrs. J. F. Ayres and Tom Bryant of Jarilla, U. A. Fritochi of Mexico, Messrs. D. D. Sullivan and E. C. Reed of Arizona and Martin Fishback of Colorado.

Following a few appropriate toasts given by the guests, Mr. Schermerhorn delivered a very eloquent and interesting address, descriptive of the progress of the people known as the Dutch beginning with ancient tradi-

that he has been foully dealt with or is the victim of mental aberration.

TO HAVE ELECTRIC CARS.

It now begins to look like Las Vegas will soon have electric street cars. All that stands in the way is the granting of the franchise by the city council. For several days a St. Louis capitalist with an attorney and secretary has been in Las Vegas looking over the field. They have decided that the investment would be paying and are willing to put in the plant. They have already obtained an option on the track which is already there and over which horse cars are pulled, and the new line will run on the same streets and others. It is believed that the council will grant the franchise, as all the property holders whose property is along the route are willing for them to do so.

SHAFT HOUSE BURNED.

The shaft house of the Santa Fe Gold and Copper company at San Pedro burned to the ground on the night of the first inst. The cause of the fire had not been determined at last report. No one was injured in the fire. The damage amounts to about \$20,000. J. T. McLaughlin, the manager of the company was in Albuquerque on business and was not at the mine when the house burned.

MEXICO.

EDITORS IN JAIL.

The editors of the "Jalisco Libre" and "El Paladin," of Guadalajara, are in jail on charges of defamation of character. The trouble of the latter arose from a letter which appeared in his paper over the signature of Henry J. Brennan. Brennan denies the authorship of the letter, which accused Edward F. Blewitt, the engineer of the firm of Boyle & Foy who are making municipal improvements in Guadalajara, of having attempted to poison Mr. Brennan in the City of Mexico. The case is a very complicated one and lengthy litigation is liable to grow out of it. Mr. Brennan says he was asked by representatives of "El Paladin" to make a statement for publication and refused. He was then asked to make one not for publication and he did. Then it was published and his name signed to it. The Jalisco Libre then took a hand in the matter and said too much, but it is held by many that the imprisonment of both editors is illegal on account of it being out of the jurisdiction of the Guadalajara courts. This matter will have to be settled by the courts as well as the rest of the trouble. Sensational facts are liable to be aired in the courts when the cases come to trial.

FOUGHT FOR GIRL.

Otto Jenkins, a former resident of Phoenix, Ariz., has returned to that city from Mexico where he has been engaged in the mining business and tells of a brutal fight which took place in the Nacosari district between an American named Barnes and a Mexican named Morales. The two were infuriated with a native girl and had frequently quarrelled over her. Finally the agreed to fight it out and that the best man should have the girl. They met with a few friends some distance from Nacosari, made an arena and with bare fists in London prize ring style, fought for forty-three rounds. They fought nearly three hours and both were frightfully punished. Morales finally fell, senseless from the hundreds of blows rained on his body and head by his opponent. He is injured internally and Jenkins said that just before he left he heard that the doctor attending him had said he could not recover. Barnes is also severely injured and suffering greatly from the hammering from the Mexican's fists. When he knocked the Mexican out he fell exhausted. Jenkins says the Mexican authorities have taken no steps in the matter.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Impressive was the memorial service held in the City of Mexico last Saturday morning in honor of the deceased queen of England. The decorations of the church were severely plain but effective and in good taste. The edifice was draped in black hangings. The only floral adornment was a huge cross, seven feet in height and correspondingly broad, formed of white flowers. This cross was placed behind the altar and was very effective, standing out against the sable drapery. The porch of the church outside was surrounded by a British royal escutcheon draped in the diplomatic flag, which is the same as the union jack, except that it has the royal arms in the center, surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves. Bishop Hamilton, of San Francisco, preached a brief eulogy upon the queen and other noted ministers participated in the services.

tions, from a period 2000 before Christ, up to historical facts in later centuries and up to the present time.

The guests did not depart before the wee hours in the morning, but every one with the impression of having spent a brilliant evening.

A SEASON OF OPERA.

It will awaken considerable interest among our theater goers, to know that the Andrews Opera Co. are willing to give us a season of operas, providing the necessary guarantee can be raised. The company is large and expensive and every assurance is given that they will eclipse all previous efforts. The cherished opportunity has now arrived and there will doubtless be a large subscription for seats.

There is always danger in using counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is safe and certain cure for piles. It is a soothing and healing salve for sores and all skin diseases. Fred Schaefer, druggist.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

Mr. Benjamin Boodle sat at breakfast. No importance attached to the act of sitting. No chickens were hatched, although several eggshells were empty.

While munching the substantial meal Mr. Boodle received a letter.

"Listen to this!" he cried excitedly. "The Temple, W. C. Dear Sir—We beg to inform you that our late client, Mr. Richard McConomy, has bequeathed to you the sum of £1,000. Be good enough to call at your earliest convenience. Yours very truly, Sharpe & Steele."

Mrs. Boodle overset her coffee cup in her excitement. Never before had such unexpected fortune visited the modest abode of the Boodles.

"Mr. McConomy dead and left you £1,000!" she cried in an I can't believe it tone. "I shouldn't have dreamed of such a thing."

"Suppose you should, Mrs. Boodle. 'What then?' returned the elated Mr. Boodle, waving the letter in his wife's face. 'Suppose you'd dreamed he hadn't? Take some dreams to unwrite this letter, wouldn't it? It would take a pretty powerful dream that could unmake poor old Dick's will, eh?' Here a thought struck him. 'By Jove! Wonder if they'll charge me six and eightpence for sending me the information? I shan't pay it. It'll have to come out of the estate.'"

Mrs. Boodle often told her husband he was a very mean man. He was. "But why has he left you £1,000?" he persisted.

"Mrs. Boodle," returned Mr. Boodle, with that loftiness of manner which an unexpected legacy often leads a man to assume, "Mr. McConomy is dead. If ever I meet him and remember your question, I'll ask him. If you are about, I'll let you know what he says. Just tap the window, will you? Here's my bus."

"You needn't get on your high horse, Benjamin, if you have had a legacy left you," retorted Mrs. B., moving to the window.

"Not going to, my dear. I prefer to sit next the driver." And Mr. Boodle crammed his hat upon his head and rushed from the room.

An hour later a double knock on the street door disturbed Mrs. Boodle while looking several pretty airy castles on the building.

"A telegram, ma'am," said Mary Jane. Mrs. Boodle tore open the envelope with eager, trembling fingers. Married ladies invariably open telegrams with eager, trembling fingers. Query: Do they expect news of a happy release? If Mrs. B. cherished any such expectation, she was disappointed. The telegram was from Mr. B.

"Legacy all right; left checkbook at home; duty to pay; get Fred to give open check £100. Clerk will call for it. B. B."

Mrs. Boodle took the telegram to her husband's brother Fred. He obliged with the open check.

Mrs. B. returned home to await the clerk. He came with another double knock. Apparently a lawyer's clerk. Suspicious, wonder if she'll kick me look about him, suggestive of long practice of the art of wait serving. Popular belief that wait servers get more kicks than halfpence. Can't refute it. The clerk departed with the check and for this time without the kicks.

Mrs. Boodle sat down to the piano and played "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers." She was in a very jubilant state of mind. She saw large possibilities in the legacy. She sent Mary Jane to the news agents for all the fashion periodicals, read them and meditated upon the material of the first dress she could find.

Decided upon green velvet trimmed with gold braid. Bonnet to match. Sent Mary Jane for patterns and decided upon the shade. Meditated as to the most effective way of wheeling the necessary cash out of Mr. Boodle. Meditation disturbed by sound of latchkey in front door. Mr. Boodle had returned.

Mrs. Boodle prepared to wheedle. "Oh, Benjamin, I was so glad the legacy was all right."

Mr. Boodle glared at the wheedler. He did not speak. He could not. Something too heavy for the present utterance weighed down his soul.

"Did you find out why Mr. McConomy left you the money?" continued the lady.

Mr. Boodle uttered a big D. "No, ma'am," he yelled, "I did not!"

"I am not deaf, Mr. Boodle," said Mrs. Boodle frostily.

"Then hear this," and Mr. Boodle shouted at the top of his voice, "McConomy's coming here to dine this evening!"

Mrs. Boodle turned very pale. The green dress trimmed with gold braid and the bonnet to match faded from her vision.

"What?" she gasped. "Isn't he dead?"

"Dead!" roared Mr. Boodle. "Do I look a likely subject to invite a ghost to dinner? Is there any medium about me? D'ye see any spiritualist in my eye? The legacy is a disgraceful hoax. Mrs. Boodle, McConomy will be here direct, and we're going to make the perpetrator sit up—sit up, Mrs. Boodle."

"But this telegram? Surely this isn't a hoax."

"What! Get Fred to give open check £100! You don't mean to say—Mrs. Boodle, what does this mean?"

"Fred gave me the check, and I gave it to the clerk—the man you sent."

Mr. Boodle uttered a scalding hue. Never before had he been in such danger of apoplexy. He tried to speak. His vocal apparatus hung fire like a gun charged with damp powder.

"Sent!" he yelled at last, the word shooting out like the cork of a stout bottle. "Sent! When they sent you to this sphere, they sent a stupid, brainless idiot, Mrs. Boodle! No! This telegram isn't a hoax. It's a do! A do, I tell you!"

Mr. Boodle concluded his remarks in the street, whether he had gone en route for the nearest telegraph office. He wired to Fred's bankers. Alas! He was too late. The check had been cashed some hours, and the only consolation poor swindled Mr. Boodle ever got was that he would not be called upon to pay the six and eightpence for the letter that worked his woe.—Exchange.

Europeans Careful of Horses.

In France there is a rule by which horses and mules in excess of needs are handed over to be fed and cared for at a price, to farmers, who agree to reproduce them in good condition or pay for deterioration. In Germany, where horses are bought between 3 and 6 years of age, they are kept at remote depots till matured. Italy has two horse training establishments where new purchases are handled and developed till fit for cavalry service. In Switzerland the individual drawn for the mounted army is entrusted with the care and custody of his horse till they are both called up.—London Express.

Greatest of All

"Every one in San Antonio, Texas, says that Ackers' English Remedy is the greatest thing ever put up for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and consumption. I have been using it over four



years for all forms of throat and lung troubles, and have yet to come across a case where it failed. We have four little ones in our family, and neither my wife nor I have ever lost a night's sleep because of throat troubles among the children. I guess that is more than any other family can say. Ackers' English Remedy is just as effective for grown-up people as for the young. It seems to go straight to the place where the trouble lies in the throat and bronchial tubes and lungs. It soothes and heals the irritated tissues, loosens up the phlegm and mucus in the breathing passages, quiets the nerves, invigorates the constitution and stops the coughing. My advice to parents is to always keep a bottle in the house. It will be a constant safeguard against croup." (Signed) F. G. ZIMMERMAN, San Antonio, Tex.

Sold at 25c., 50c. and \$1 a bottle, throughout the United States and Canada; and in England, at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 6d. If you are not satisfied after buying, return the bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

We authorize the above guarantee.

W. M. HOOKER & CO., Proprietors, New York.

NO THANKS, NO TIPS.

An Attempt to Incubate Gratitude in Metropolitan Waiters.

Waiters in the most exclusive of the restaurants have come to look upon the tip as so certainly their right that they have come to assume an air that is offensive in the extreme, says the New York Times. There is no acknowledgment from them for this courtesy on the part of the diner now unless he gives them a bill, when of course the waiter is obsequious in the extreme and generally offensively so when the bill is of an exceptionally large denomination. There is now no "thank you" for a tip in silver. The waiter merely grabs it as a thing that belongs to him.

Naturally there has come a revolt on the part of the diners, and several waiters in fashionable resorts have been receiving a much needed lesson within the past week or two. Men have begun to call waiters back to them when there has been no "thank you" in acknowledgment of a tip and on one pretext or another have asked that the tip be returned as if to examine the change or increase the tip. Then these men, who only demand that a waiter shall at least profess to be thankful for the gift, have quietly pocketed the coin after telling the waiter that as he had neglected to return thanks for the pour boire he was therefore not entitled to it.

This plan has worked well, though it has made the waiters who have thus lost their tips through a lack of courtesy surly and inclined to break crockery as a means of relieving their minds, which latter is of course only biting off one's nose to spite his face. Clubmen who are used to respectful treatment at their clubs are determined to wrest the "thank you" from the waiter or withhold the tip, and the plan to force the acknowledgment is spreading rapidly as a means of curbing the discourtesy of waiters. The plan meets with the approval of the managers of the restaurants, who hope to see it universally adopted until surly waiters have learned that the tip is not theirs of right, but is a matter as to whether a man well served and his servant.

Where is Wireless Telegraphy?

Wireless telegraphy is an art which for several years has been fruitful of promising and even startling results. It has attracted the most earnest efforts of as able a group of trained investigators as is anywhere to be found. But we have yet to learn that wireless telegraphy has been of any tangible use to the world in any of the crises that have blackened the last year of the dying century. The British forces in South Africa have been living in a hornet's nest for the last six months, very largely on account of utterly inefficient means of communication, hard to establish and easy to interrupt. To take the lesson to ourselves our forces in one uncomfortable annex have been bothered not a little in spite of all that a most capable but badly handicapped signal corps could do. And finally who can tell the precious service that would have been rendered if the gallant little band of marines beleaguered or immolated in Peking had taken with them, as might easily have been done, apparatus which would have kept them in instant touch with Tientsin and the ill fated relief column?—Electrical World and Engineer.

Specialties of Street Venders.

"Have you ever noticed," said Albert Ford of Chicago "how in certain communities certain specialties are sold by the vendors? For instance, here in New York hot corn at 5 cents an ear seems to be your specialty. In Atlantic City, where I was recently, a certain peculiar candy called seaside taffy holds the palm. In Chicago we go in strongly for buttered corn balls. In southern cities black 'mammies' sit around and deal you out fried chicken and 'coln pone.' I wonder what it is that in each community causes the street vender to sell different commodities? There ought to be pretty good material for a psychological article by an expert to explain the why and wherefore of certain communities requiring certain kinds of food of the street vendors."—New York Tribune.

See large display of pictures at Blakeley & Freeman's.

Myar's Opera House

FRIDAY, FEB. 8TH.

SOCIETY EVENT OF THE SEASON

—BY—

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WHITE OAKS ROUTE.

TIME TABLE NO. 6

(Mountain Time)

Train Leaves El Paso.....10:30 a. m.

Arrives Alamogordo.....2:35 p. m.

Arrives Capitan.....3:00 p. m.

Train Leaves Capitan.....8:00 a. m.

Arrives Alamogordo.....12:20 p. m.

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For information of any kind regarding railroads, or to country adjacent thereto, call on or write to:

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